Volume LIX CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1907 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Comrade's Word

Here in their bivouac, over-arched
  familiarly with God's great sky,
We tender those with whom we marched
  A flower in sacred memory.

All hail the victories of Peace—
  World-peace of wiser thought and time!
We know the sweetness of release
  from war in any age or clime.

Ne'er was a more heartrending strife
  Than ours with brothers!—Let it be!
We strugaled for a nation's life
  A people's priceless liberty.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIX THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907 NUMBER 13

UPON THEIR GRAVES.

Upon their graves again we strew the flowers,
The lovely gifts that come to us in spring,
And once again their noble praise we sing,
Rejoicing in these hero hearts of ours;
They breathe on us the blessing of their powers,
Our country's worth before our eyes they bring,
And make its dales with happy music ring,
And summer rests the while and builds her bowers!
So what was war is now a sleep of peace,
And what was strife and bitterness of death,
Proclaims the ancient heresies shall cease,
And brotherhood alone shall here draw breath,
For in our souls the finger thought had birth—
To strew these flowers of faith o'er all the earth!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

If the record of the struggle over the teachers' salary bill in New York City is closely studied, it would seem as though expediency can make two sides to the question as to whether woman is not entitled to equal pay for equal work. We prefer to trust the verdict of the scales that hold horizontal the bar when the ends bear equal weights, to the confusion of the expedient. We believe woman should have her rightful wages for work well done, and that only in the recognition of this solution can the best interests of men and women be served.

A ministerial correspondent from Pennsylvania writes us anent the sermon entitled "Chicago's What Next!" recently printed in UNITY:

> I think you are quite right. You have struck the right note. The curse of our American political life, and so of our social life also, is the nefarious party spirit. I have been a mugwump since the Blaine campaign of 1884. I never expect to wear a party collar again. Pennsylvania is almost worse than Chicago in this respect. Philadelphia had a spasm of virtue for a year or two, but at the municipal election in February returned to its vomit and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. Once more it seems to be the city "corrupt and contented." I am astonished that you can find two million righteous people in your city and only some hundred thousand of the other kind. Can this be and such things also be?

George A. Campbell in the *Christian Century* says:

> Fear must always be an element in the culture of the soul. Begin not with it, but end not without it. Surround life with as much sunshine and love as possible, but know that God has everywhere coupled wrong-doing and punishment, or, better perhaps, chastisement, together.

Have we of the ameliorated faith overworked the "love of God," or, to put it more justly, do we underwork the "terrors of the law?" Is there not a place in the stern economics of life for the thunders of Sinai as for the Beatitudes of Zion? This antithesis is rhetorical but not justified by history or wisdom. The so-called law of Sinai is touched with tenderness, and he on the mount was Master not only of the benediction but of the maledictions. He saw and declared the woes as well as the blesseds. Morals are grim before they become peaceful. The "soft hand" of parent and the "easy rule" of school teacher, untempered by the severities of discipline, make for unhappy as well as unfruitful youth.

The *Literary Digest* for May 25 gives an interesting list of new things done by telephone. Catholic priests are discussing the availability of the telephone for confessional purposes in emergencies. A Kansas librarian furnishes school boys the information necessary for their essay-writing over the phone. An Illinois judge has taken the testimony of a witness over the phone. A Maryland court of appeals has allowed lawyers to present their cases over the phone. The government forest reserve fights fire with the telephone. An Illinois piano tuner has harmonized pianos for a concert over the phone. Preaching by telephone is no longer a joke. And still, there are some things beyond the reach of a telephone. We cannot furnish attention or release from the distractions of life the peace that passeth understanding, known only to him who is at one with God and man. These things cannot be furnished by outward contrivances. There is still need of self-denial, self-control, and the renunciations and directions that go therewith.

The officers of the "Chicago Tuberculosis Institute" make the official announcement that "four thousand people die each year in this city of tuberculosis." Surely "the need is appalling." The mystery concerning the great white plague is mostly dispelled, and with the mystery goes the sense of hopelessness and helplessness of the situation. In the earlier stages of the disease the three essential and effective remedies are plenty of fresh air, plenty of most nutritious food and a cheerful spirit. These are things that are obtainable this side of the desert. The consumptive camp can be established anywhere, from the lakes to the Gulf, where there is plenty of fresh air, plenty of good water, money enough to secure plenty of good milk, fresh eggs and the attendant articles necessary to a nourishing diet, and the good sense and the good cheer to direct the same. The first, second and fourth of these requisites are easily obtainable; they are already at hand. The only grave deficiency is found in the third item, the lack of money, and still the boastful statistics accumulate; still indolence and luxury, fell children of over-wealth, are making the lives of multimillionaires wretched and their days wearisome, filling the homes of the prosperous with the stuffy discomforts and the social unrest so much in evidence.

For fellowship's sake UNITY has been sent to an eminent professor, a man held in high esteem in our editorial sanctum. The other day this man, in whose company we fain would find shelter, wrote: "I have come to feel that the sending of the paper is not serving the purpose for which it was doubtless intended, but rather the contrary, because its attitude on certain civic problems in which I am profoundly interested, particularly that of the public school system, is the opposite of inspiring or helpful to me. I think, therefore, that I am not warranted in permitting you to be at the expense and trouble of continuing to send the paper to my address, and I, therefore, respectfully request its discontinuance." This note is very gratifying to the Editor's heart, for it gives assurance that UNITY has not received the severest slight possible of being allowed to go unnoticed; but really the good professor did not apprehend our motive in asking permission to lie upon his table, for UNITY delights in cultivating the gentle art of disagreement. Stupidity finds fellowship with the like minded; culture alone finds fellowship in the contrary minded. We like those who disagree with us and are encouraged by the knocks we get. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." We now have an extra copy of UNITY to send to any college professor who will give us admission to his study table, just for the sake of seeing how long he can stand it.

The *Standard,* speaking of the recent triumphant meetings of the Baptists held at Washington, D. C., says that they were "proof of the fact that our people read the denominational papers and are influenced by them. * * * The man who thinks the day of the denomination has passed should have been present at the Washington anniversaries." Perhaps this paragraph proves too much. Our trouble with the denominational press is not that they have lost their power but that they wield far too much power. Through them secondary interests are made primary; antique issues are still kept to the front, and live men are induced to give live dollars to the perpetuation of dead or dying dogmas and unimportant distinctions. Great sections of Protestantism that now stand apart in distrustful aloofness would fall lovingly into one another's arms were it not for the "denominational papers" which are always on the alert for sectarian disloyalties. The editor is the real bishop of the Protestant denomination. Sometimes his power becomes so tremendous that it is well nigh papal. He is often in danger of becoming the strategist of the sect, the whipper-in of "OUR DENOMINATION." If he is not himself, he is in danger of aiding and abetting the John A. Dix on the theological battlefields of today, who says, "If any man pulls down the flag, shoot him on the spot." We are sorry to find that our Baptist friends at the meetings above referred to felt called upon to put the word "Northern" into the title of their newly organized "Baptist Convention." Perhaps it is necessary even yet, but it is none the less deplorable that the old Mason and Dixon line wiped out by the blood of the brave still obtains in the domain of religious organization.

There is doubtless room for the amateur press and the limited edition man and the *edition de luxe,* the market value of which depends upon its scarcity rather than upon its intrinsic value. Were diamonds as common as pebbles the rich would cease to exploit them, though their beauty remained the same. But we are distressed when the good culture-dispensing, prophet-publishing friends of the people, like our beloved Houghton, Mifflin & Company, of Boston, go into this dudish book business. We were delighted to know that our old friend, George Willis Cooke, was at work on a Lowell bibliography. We were not surprised when a reviewer said that "his unrelenting industry has gathered all that anyone could find by going over the ground with a fine-tooth comb." We are glad also to know that this volume is printed on "all rag paper, that the print is confined to one side of each leaf, with the alternate page left blank for use in adding notes and comments." But we were distressed when we learned that the number would be limited to 530; that the type was being distributed, and that the cost price is five dollars. Why not make it 550, anyhow, and why *boast* of the fact that such a piece of work must ever be limited to that number because "the type is distributed"? That house has already shown its skill in satisfying all the reasonable requirements of art and at the same time respecting the reasonable limitations of the purses of the men and women who most love Lowell, for whom he wrought and wrote, and to whom such a volume would be most acceptable. But, "They all do it!" and "You're another!" Perhaps so; still we wish it were otherwise; we wish this kind of thing bore a less beloved and less powerful imprint.

Professor Rau of India, now spending a year at the Meadville Theological School that he may better acquaint himself with the universalities that belong to his own and our own religious inheritance and inspiration, has recently been making a missionary tour to Chicago, Detroit, Ann Arbor and other points. He represents the spirit of reform within his inheritance and traditions; he represents those who believe that India primarily belongs to the Indians and that out of the Hindoo blood and thought must come the regenerating force that will be adequate to the occasion. He represents the brave fellowship of which Ram Mohan Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, and Protab Mozoomdar, are the widely known and internationally beloved representatives. Such missionary work as he represents is emphatically "home missionary work"; it is our work among our neighbors. A study of comparative religions makes all man akin and all the

world our home. For this reason we gladly print and heartily commend the following appeal:

The Brahmo Mission Society of Madras is in need of at least $20,000 for organizing religious and social work in southern India, a province inhabited by about forty-five million people, who are in a more backward condition than the inhabitants of other parts of India. This amount, economically managed, would suffice for establishing, equipping and endowing in a very modest way four centers of work in the province. It is proposed to raise $10,000 in the United States from among those who feel an interest in India and the cause of liberal religion and social amelioration in that country. The amount collected will be held by an American committee, to be made over to the Brahmo workers in Madras, in full or in installments, when an equal amount has been raised in India.

Prof. G. Subba Rau, of the Zamorin's College, Calicut, who is spending a year in the Meadville Theological School, will be glad to do what he can while in America in supplying full and accurate information about the ideals and the needs of the Brahmo-Somaj. He is here in the interest of his people, at great personal sacrifice, and we bespeak for him and for the cause he represents a thoughtful and sympathetic hearing.

Contributions to the Madras Brahmo Mission Fund may be sent to any member of the following committee:

Dr. George L. Cary, chairman, Meadville, Pa.; Prof. F. A. Christie, secretary-treasurer, Meadville, Pa.; Prof. F. C. Doan, Meadville, Pa.; Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Hartford, Conn.; President, S. A. Eliot, D. D., Boston, Mass.

An "old age pension" is no longer the wild dream of some social reformers but it is the confessed deliberate demand of economic science as well as humanitarian sentiment. If the curse of greed and the justification of selfishness in money matters is to be ameliorated and eventually removed, the dread of the poor house, the grewsome prospects of a dependent old age must also be removed. In the army, which belongs to the destructive economies of the state, a pensioner is honored. He has deserved well of the state and the support is a recognition of this service. But in civic life the man who has not won out in his service to the public so as to be independent of the public he served, eats the bitter bread of charity when he grows old. In this prosperous country of America there is material enough to go round; wealth enough which belongs to the public, which, if properly administered, would forever make deserving dependence impossible on account of old age or sickness. The incapacities found in the service of the world should be recognized by that world. Pending this wisdom of the state, all movements among classes and professions looking towards old age pensions should receive careful and grateful study. The last movement of this kind that has come to our notice is the organization of "The Society for Old Age Pensions for Unitarian Ministers," the purpose of which is to provide pensions for ministers of this fellowship, of sixty-five years of age and over, who have an honorable record of recent and active service of at least twenty years. The fund for this purpose is to come primarily from the ministerial membership who are to pay one per cent of their salaries into the society. Annually the trustees will distribute equally among eligible ministers all money which has been collected from annual contributions and the interest from invested funds of the society. The only discouraging thing to be said about this scheme is that it is probably too good to be effective, too sensible to be made operative. We fear that with ministers as with laymen, the money is paid day by day, not to the most worthy ends but to the most clamorous demands. This movement deserves success. Those desiring further information can address Rev. George W. Kent, Providence, R. I., President, or Rev. Frank W. Pratt, Hopedale, Mass., Secretary, or Rev. W. L. Walsh of Brookfield, Mass., Treasurer.

The Congress of Religion

This week UNITY will go to press while the Senior Editor and the Editor of the Congress Department are in attendance at the thirteenth annual meeting of the Congress of Religion in Minneapolis, Minn. This will be the third of a trilogy of Congresses held during this year and, according to the promise of the program, will be a fitting climax to the inspiring meetings at Ann Arbor and Madison. Like the preceding meetings, this session will be held in a Congregational church, but this program, like the others, shows an increased scope on that account. Mr. Hodgin, Pastor of the Unitarian church of Minneapolis, like the Unitarian ministers at Ann Arbor and Madison, has been a hearty worker in the committee. He writes, "It seems to me we have a program that ought to attract some attention here; I am doing all I can to advertise and to arouse an interest in it among the people with whom I come in contact." While Pastor Clarke, of the entertaining church, says in his Sunday bulletin, "The meetings are in the interest of the broadest possible religious fellowship, emphasizing the common aims instead of the sectarian differences and voicing the cry of human need as a challenge to co-operation towards ethical and spiritual ends."

The program reaches from Father Cleary of the Roman Catholic church to the Jewish Rabbi of St. Paul. The sociological side of religion perforce offers the amicable meeting ground. Settlement work, Social Evangelism, anti-saloon league, dependent children, the labor question, the evangelization of the upper classes, represent one side of the Congress, not to the detriment but to the help of the other side which will discuss church unity, the religious conscience, mysticism, the significance of poetry, and similar topics.

The experience of the Congress in this last year of its life has proven that it enjoys an ever increasing amount of *approval* on the part of an ever widening circle of ministers and laymen, but this *approval* seldom rises to the level of *support*. It proves that to such ministers and laymen its interests are regarded less urgent than the more narrowly defined and more insistent interests of denominationalism with its varied machinery of publishing houses, missionary boards and the attendant wheels that take much power to make them go round. The Congress does not seek to interfere with such machinery but it does beg of its friends, ministerial and lay, for that perspective which

will labor for the things that are more *excellent* rather than for the things that are more *insistent*. If prophecy is ever to become organic and the ideal is to be served by committees and the co-operations they represent, the Congress has a legitimate claim for so much of material support and open recognition as will enable it to keep its flag a-flying. If the Congress has a cause that is worthy, it deserves that material support necessary to the embodiment of the same. The Congress cannot live by air alone, not even when the air is used in praying for its success. The immediate need of the Congress is for ten life subscriptions at twenty-five dollars each and one hundred annual memberships at five dollars each, and the one hundred and ten, who have both the dollars and the interest to qualify as above, will read this notice but they will be tempted not to do the thing their hearts and consciences prompt in this direction because the prudences will remind them of the other "things that will be expected of them," the interests that will make a "demand!" and not a request upon the purse.

And still there is the "changing order" and there is the church, and Shailer Matthews in his book, just out, which discusses the relation of these two, is right when he says:

> Leadership means leaders. In religion, as in everything else, what is everybody's business is nobody's business. At present the church seems in danger of growing incapable of producing leaders. * * * The church must educate men to withstand moral fatigue. It must so organize and direct the awakened conscience that it shall not suffer the otherwise inevitable penalty of overstrain. * * * What sort of conception of its social significance and of social service and of moral appeal has a church that spends thousands for a quartette of singers and all but nothing for missions?

The next events of interest to the Congress of Religion after the meeting above referred to will be the Chautauqua session held at Lithia Springs, Illinois, in co-operation with Jasper Douthit and his workers and the week of Ministers' Retreat at Tower Hill, Wisconsin, during the months of July and August next. Here again, in the name of the common brotherhood and the universal fatherhood, differences of race and creed and tradition will be forgotten in the joy of a common pursuit, the responsibilities of a common trust and the inspirations that come in the discovery that one can bring to such a meeting his whole heart and the faith and the loyalties that belong therewith.

A Holy Nation

Let Liberty run onward with the years,
And circle with the seasons; let her break
The tyrant's harshness, the oppressor's spears;
Bring ripened recompenses that shall make
Supreme amends for sorrow's long arrears;
Drop holy benison on hearts that ache;
Put clearer radiance into human eyes,
And set the glad earth singing to the skies.

Clean natures coin pure statutes. Let us cleanse
The hearts that beat within us; let us mow
Clear to the roots our falseness and pretense,
Tread down our rank ambitions, overthrow
Our braggart moods of puffed self-consequence,
Plow up our hideous thistles which do grow
Faster than maize in Maytime, and strike dead
The base infections our low greeds have bred.

—*Richard Realf.*

THE PULPIT

Decoration Day Services at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

The United States has contributed two Holy days to the calendar of the Church Universal. One is Thanksgiving Day, dedicated to the sanctities of the fireside, the real proclamation of which emanates from the grandmother or her representative. The other is Decoration Day, a tender memorial of heroism, a day devoted to the higher home circle, the life of the nation, the profounder consecrations of true patriotism.

The service of All Souls Church at the Lincoln Centre last Sunday gave special emphasis to the commemoration of one brave man, a local hero, one who was a worthy type of that high soldiery which was inspired by thought and armed with the high purposes of freedom. The "John Davis Guest Chamber" is a title self-explanatory, the Guest Room of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, to the shelter of which many conspicuous friends of humanity and lovers of truth have already been welcomed, has been furnished and endowed by the widow of the gallant Colonel, whose life was commemorated last Sunday in the presence of a large audience touched into thoughtful tenderness. The widow, his two children and John Davis III were in the audience. Two or three surviving members of the old Forty-sixth came a long distance in order to be present. Lieut. Thomas B. Jones, historian of the regiment, came from his home in central Iowa to find a seat among the celebrants. On the platform was an oil painting of the Colonel, executed for the room by Mr. Timmins, of the Chicago Art Institute, a remarkably successful portrait, considering that the artist had but a faded old army photograph of the wounded man to go by. The platform was draped in flags, conspicuous among which was the white-bordered banner from the top of an old exhausted cannon shell taken from a Cuban battlefield.

After the service a large number of the audience visited the Guest Room and saw the picture installed in its permanent abiding place, and thirty or more of the old boys and their friends sat down to a dinner of baked beans, ham and coffee in the Refreshment Room on the fourth floor.

After an organ prelude of national airs and a bugle prelude played by George D. Ihling, Chief Trumpeter, First Infantry, I. N. G., consisting of the "Revielle" and "Assembly," the audience rose and sang "America," and the following poem, written by Mrs. Frank Leland during the days of the dark bereavement, was read:

DEATH OF COLONEL DAVIS.

Move softly, O numbers, a hero has fallen!
Move soft o'er the name of the true and the brave,
A freeman who nobly went forth to the battle,
Whose country but gave him a warrior's grave.

O Goddess! whose crown is all starry with splendor,
Whose eye looks aloft on the eagle we prize,
Whose feet hold beneath them the stain of our banner,
That now on the skirts of our freedom low lies;

What more would you ask to appease your proud anger,
Than lives of the bravest e'er loyalty knew?
Pray Heaven to rescue our homes ere the loyal
Have spent all their tears for the good and the true.

Then came responsive readings, prayer, scripture and singing of

"Stainless soldier on the walls"!

After which Gen. Smith D. Atkins, of Freeport, Ill., was introduced as the man in all Illinois who was most conversant with the soldier lore of the state, a friend, neighbor and intimate comrade of Colonel Davis, who spoke as follows:

It affords me great pleasure to be present on this interesting occasion, and join with you in dedicating this Guest Chamber in memory of John A. Davis, one of God's noblemen, an honest man.

I knew him well. When he was a candidate for the legislature in 1860, almost a half century ago, I was one of the speakers at a Republican meeting with him at Van Brocklin's School House, in Stephenson County. From that time until he gave his life to his country, I was intimate with him, and loved and admired him. In the special session of the Illinois legislature early in 1861 he ably seconded the patriotic efforts of Governor Richard Yates, the Elder, the War Governor of Illinois, in putting into the field the first volunteer soldiers of Illinois in the great Civil War.

I enlisted in the first Company raised in Freeport, in April, 1861, in the three months' service, and went to the front. In July of that year when the term of the first enlistment expired I re-enlisted with the majority of my Company A, 11th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, for three years, and in that month I returned to Stephenson County to fill up my Company with new enlistments, and at one meeting held for that purpose, at Davis, in Stephenson County, John A. Davis was one of the speakers. After the meeting I took the train for Freeport, and John A. Davis was on the same train to ride to Rock City Station, and he earnestly said to me, "Atkins, is it necessary for men like me, with wife and family to support, to enlist in this war?" I replied in substance, "Yes, John, it is. It is going to be a great war, and will require all the resources of the nation. I know that you will enlist, you will become a soldier, you cannot help doing it; all you can do is to determine the time of your enlistment. If you go now you can take with you half a dozen Companies from Stephenson County, and lead a Regiment. No other man in Stephenson County could do that. You can do it, and you ought to do it." We had some further conversation, and when the train arrived at Rock City, and he left the cars and bid me good-bye, he said, while still holding my hand, "Atkins, what you have said has made a deep impression upon my mind—it may be my duty, and I may go now." He did enlist, and, as soon as it was known that John A. Davis had enlisted as a soldier, the young men of Stephenson County flocked to his standard and full five Companies were soon enlisted in that one County, and the 46th Illinois Infantry was organized with John A. Davis as Colonel.

During those exciting times in Stephenson County I was absent with my Company and Regiment at Bird's Point, Missouri, and I did not meet him again until on the battlefield of Fort Donelson while hastening with my Company and Regiment to the right of the line investing that fort, I passed the 46th Illinois Volunteers that had just reached the field and was waiting for a proper assignment in the line of battle, but had time only for a hasty hand-shake with my old friend. My Company and Regiment were in the Brigade commanded by Col. William H. L. Wallace, of Illinois, and the 46th Regiment was in the command of Lew Wallace of Indiana. That battle was the first baptism of fire of the 46th Illinois, and the gallant Colonel and his gallant Regiment did splendid service in helping to gain the first great victory under Grant in the Western Army.

After the battle of Fort Donelson I was assigned to duty as the Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the 4th Division of the Army of the Tennessee, Brigadier General Stephen A. Hurlbut, Commander, and Col. Davis, with his Regiment was attached to the First Brigade of that Division, and I had an opportunity to renew my association with him. In the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, while gallantly leading his gallant Regiment, Col. Davis received a terrible wound, a minnie ball striking him on the right breast, passing through his lung, and out through his shoulder blade. That was an awful battle, and Col. Davis bore well his part in it. My old Colonel, William H. L. Wallace, of the 11th Illinois Volunteers, who was promoted to Brigadier General after the battle of Fort Donelson, and who commanded a Division in the battle of Shiloh, was killed, and so was my friend, Capt. Silas Wright Field, who was promoted to Captain of my old Company when I was promoted Major. After the battle of Shiloh, while Col. Davis was on a steamer at the landing preparatory to going to the hospital at Mound City, he sent for me, and I hastened quickly to him, finding him in the texas of the steamboat, and at his request and dictation I wrote for him his official report of that battle. Often I climbed up on the berth he occupied, and lifted him up so the blood could gush out of his wound. When I finished writing his report and bid him good-bye, I never expected to see him alive again, for I thought his wound mortal.

Months passed away. Owing to ill health I left the front and in the Summer of 1862, when our good President "Father Abraham" called for "Six hundred thousand more" volunteers, I acted as recruiting officer in the Congressional District in Northern Illinois at that time represented in Congress by Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, and put into camp at Rockford, Illinois, forty-four companies of volunteers, and in that camp I was a candidate for Colonel. Col. John A. Davis was still suffering from his terrible wound that he received at the battle of Shiloh, confined to his bed on his farm twenty miles northwest of Rockford, when he heard a rumor that I was to be defeated as a candidate for colonel, and ordering feather beds put into the old family carriage he hastened to Rockford. Word came to me at camp that Col. Davis was at the Holland House, and wanted to see me, and I hastened to the city and hotel, and found him lying on the bed in my room, and he told me that when he heard they were trying to beat me for Colonel he could not stand it, and resolved to come at once to Rockford if it cost him his life. That is the kind of friendship Col. Davis had for me. I showed him a telegram from Governor Yates naming the Companies that were to be mustered into service under me as Colonel, showing that I could not be defeated, and Col. Davis was carried out of the hotel, and placed on the feather beds in his family carriage, and returned to his farm.

I never saw him again. With my regiment, the 92nd Illinois, I went into the Army of the Cumber-

land, while his regiment remained in the Army of the Tennessee.

The terrible wound he had received at the battle of Shiloh made his good right arm useless, but he learned to write with his left hand, and as soon as he was able to sit his horse, he returned to his regiment at the front, and while leading his men in a charge at the battle of Mattamora, Tennessee, October 5, 1862, he was again wounded, and five days later, at Bolivar, Tennessee, his noble spirit fled from its tenement of clay, and one of the noblest men, one of the most gallant soldiers who followed the flag in those awful days, lay dead.

All who knew him will cherish his memory tenderly, and his country, for which he gave his life, ought to build him a monument of gold. But, after all, he was only one among the many who died that liberty and country might live. The sweetest of Irish poets wrote:

> "Blood like this
> For Liberty shed, so holy is
> It would not stain the purest rill
> That sparkles 'mid the bowers of bliss.
> O, if there be on this earthly sphere
> A boon—an offering—heaven holds dear,
> 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
> From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

War is terrible. Said General Sherman in his correspondence with the Mayor of Atlanta, in 1864, "War is cruelty, and you can not refine it." "Peace with honor" should be the watchword with every civilized nation. "Let us have peace," said General Grant. He was the greatest soldier of the century in which he lived, and like all great soldiers, he loved peace. It was said by a great soldier: "The only valid excuse for any war is to conquer an honorable peace." Peace is always the object, the aim, of every just war.

Will wars ever end in the world? Yes, if the time ever comes in this world when right and justice are supreme, when there is no wrong in the world to be righted, then wars will end, and there will be no longer any wars in the world. But that time is not yet. "We tread the paths our fathers trod," the same ceaseless round, the never ending circle of human ambition, "the everlasting to be which hath been"; always it has been true, always it will be true, that "rainbows of glory bending above battle fields are reflected from the sad tears of widows and orphans."

At one time I thought that wars were at an end in the world. That was more than half a century ago. I was a boy then. At that time there was being held in Europe a great World's Peace Convention, as there will soon be held one at The Hague, participated in by representatives of almost all civilized nations, the leading thinkers and philanthropists of the world, then as now, for peace in the world was then, as now, the object of the learned and educated, and the thoughtful and humane of all nations. To avoid war, with all its horrors, has for many years been the hopeful dream of the wisest statesmen in the world. I was then a student at Rock River Seminary, in Mt. Morris, in Ogle County. One day I picked up on the street a little torn and crumpled piece of newspaper, and all that I found printed on it was,

> "When the drums shall cease their beating,
> And the war-flags shall be furled,
> In the parliament of nations,
> The federation of the World."

All was profound peace at that time, and I believe that the age of reason had arrived, and that brain, not brawn, was to rule in the counsels of nations. But the drums do not cease their beating, and the war-flags are not furled, or, if they are, they do not remain furled for any very great length of time. Within my recollection some of the greatest wars that ever rocked the nations have taken place; the Crimean War between Russia and Turkey; the Civil War in America; the Franco-Prussian War; the Spanish-American War, light if measured by the actual loss of life, but tremendous in its results, taking from Spain all of her colonial possessions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and transferring to America a vast empire in the Pacific eight thousand miles from our western coast, peopled by a strange race, different in color and language from our own people, throwing upon us the "White Man's Burden" as Kipling wrote, one to be long borne, and the final ending of which no man is wise enough to foretell; and the tremendous war between Russia and Japan, so recently ended by the rough rider who is now the President of the great Republic, resulting surely in making a world-power of Japan, a new development among the Oriental nations, that many predict will within the lifetime of those now living measure strength with the people of this nation. At this very hour on the Continent of Europe more than a million of armed men stand ready at the clicking of a telegraphic instrument to spring at each other's throats. How would it be possible for me, in view of what has happened within my own memory, to predict that wars are at an end in the world? We may hope for peace in the world, but he would be a bold man indeed who would confidently predict it. In my opinion the safe way, and the only way, for the United States to maintain peace, is to be at all times ready for instant war, never demanding anything but simple justice, and never submitting to anything different from that.

Nations dealing with each other are, in some respects, like individuals dealing with each other. If 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or a greater number of individuals have difficulties that they cannot settle, they may agree to a peaceful arbitration, and meet together, and may possibly come to an agreement among themselves. That is what The Hague Tribunal is for. Nations meet together at The Hague and try to settle their difficulties without an appeal to the awful arbitrament of the sword. But, suppose that individuals so meeting together to settle their difficulties can come to no agreement among themselves, then they appeal to the courts to settle for them the difficulties they cannot themselves settle. The courts will call juries, take testimony as to the questions of fact, and apply the law to the facts as found by juries, and issue its judgment or decree. The courts have power to enforce their decrees or judgments, and individuals must submit. But there is no court among nations with power to enforce its decrees. If the nations meet at The Hague and fail to settle their difficulties there is no court to which they can appeal to settle their difficulties for them. They must appeal to the sword. "Might makes right," among nations. It has been so in all the world's history, and it is so now.

Andrew Carnegie proposes that the most powerful nations, the United States, England, Germany, France, Spain, Russia, Japan, and all powerful nations, enter into an agreement to execute the judgments of The Hague against any nation that refuses to submit—say that England refuses to submit, then all the world shall be banded together to compel England to submit, all the world being powerful enough to compel submission by the power of the sword. War is to be

avoided by war. No such agreement has ever been entered into, and no man can now say that such an agreement ever will be entered into.

As enormous as was the cost of the Civil War in America in life and treasure it was well worth it all, and more. This nation is now at peace, a united nation in every part, more just, more prosperous, more happy, with a brighter future because of that war. That peace will be ours in all the future I dare hope, but I dare not predict. Justice and right is worth more than peace to any nation.

True faith and allegiance are due from every citizen in every country. Individual judgment must always give way to the judgment of all. The citizen who opposes his country in time of war is a traitor. Patriotism demands and enforces obedience upon all citizens of every country in war as in peace. Many years ago, at a public dinner at Norfolk, Virginia, Commodore Stephen Decatur, after replying to the regulation toast, "The President of the United States," ended his speech by giving a sentiment himself, as was then the custom, in which Commodore Decatur said: "My Country, may she always be right—but right or wrong, my Country." That sentiment embodies true American patriotism. No individual American, who is a true patriot, will hesitate or enquire into the particulars of a war in which his country is engaged, but so long as the flag of his country floats, the most beautiful thing there is upon the earth or in the sky, he will be for his country, in war and in peace.

Such a soldier was Colonel John A. Davis, to whose memory this guest chamber is this day dedicated. We will not now argue the rightfulness of either side in the great Civil War in America. It was manfully fought out on both sides. We know that Liberty always rides forward on a powder cart, and in that war liberty rode forward on the red wave of battle, and by that war this nation was lifted over more than a thousand years of peaceful conquest.

At the close of the General's remarks the bugle sounded Retreat, Tattoo and Taps. And Mr. Jones said:

If my gray hairs should ever entitle me to an associate pastor, Jane Addams is already such an one by divine appointment. She is always welcome to this platform in her own right, but today she is here in her representative capacity. The bugle has just sounded Tattoo and Taps; this is the touching ritual of the army when gathered around a comrade's grave. The organizer of the "Addams Guard" was a neighbor of John Davis, co-worker with him in all the civic and martial strain of their pioneer life. Mr. Addams has long since joined his neighbor on the other side. Today he speaks to us through his daughter, Jane.

Miss Addams spoke as follows:

One of my childish recollections, almost all of them, are connected more or less with the name of Colonel Davis, and when Mr. Jones asked me to come here this morning in his name it was quite impossible for me to refuse.

I suppose all of the children who were born about the time of the Civil War have recollections quite unlike those of children who are living now. The first thing I distinctly remember was one day I found on our gate-posts, the two white gate-posts, two flags—one black and one red. Upon my eager inquiry as to what had happened, my father told me quite simply that the greatest man in the world had died, meaning, of course, Abraham Lincoln. I had never before seen my father cry; I had assumed, as all little children do, that men never cry, that only babies cry. The sight of the flags and the impressive statement stand out to me as my baptism, as it were, outside of the interest within that yard guarded by the white gate-posts.

I remember hanging in the hallway a roster of names headed by the words "Addams Guard," and we used to go over them again and again when we were children and could pile up enough dictionaries to reach the names, picking out those who had died in the war and those who had returned; those whose children were known, and those whose brothers and sisters still lived in the county. And when drives were planned we would say, drive this way or that, so that we might pass the farm where such and such a one lived or where his mother was still living. If there were any flowers to be taken we would always go to the mother of those names whom we knew from the Addams Guard.

I could go on with a dozen reminiscences that center about these early names and the Civil War.

I remember on the occasions when we were allowed to take the family album (you know how it was always given to the children after their hands were washed and they were properly seated on a footstool) we would always open the first page of the album to the picture of Colonel Davis. The ceremony seemed to us very solemn, and we would tell each other about that great man, who stood to us for the heroic type, the local hero, the man who at the head of his regiment had suffered wounds unto death.

I remember again the little picture on the wall, the picture of Colonel Davis; and when a guest would come who was interested in the roster in the hallway, he was always led by the eager children to this picture, that he might see the Colonel of that regiment.

These may seem very simple and feeble reminiscences, and yet at a time like this it seems impossible to do more than to stand up as a type of the children of that generation who cared so much for the things that were happening then—things which they did not understand, although they did understand the heroic side. They understood, perhaps better than their elders, in that simplicity which is given to the understanding of a child, the underlying heroism which was there.

General Atkins, I am sure, will pardon me for speaking of it—how his coming to the house in those days, and that of "Uncle" Dick Oglesby, were always days when we were stirred into the same feeling; we were touching the heroic of the world, touching the great, touching the people who were outside of the village life which surrounded us through all the other days.

If this room which is dedicated to the name of this brave man may suggest to little children, to the growing youth who is ever so eager to make the world a theater for heroic things and deeds, if it may stir in some of the older people who are beginning to doubt that the world is such a place and to consider it only the place for ordinary things; if this room and this name shall accomplish on a larger and a more enduring scale that which the simple photographs, the simple types produced in the memory of a little group of children so long ago, I want to congratulate this building for embodying in itself one more noble memory, for standing out as it does in its public name for men who were great because they were good, and who followed their convictions whither they led them.

Following Miss Addams' speech, Mr. Jones said:

The children of our Sunday-school have a little song, written for them, which they love to sing and which I love to hear. It carries a fitting message to us at this memorial hour and is representative of the new patriotism and the rising generations which have their Shilohs and their Corinths get to face.

The members of the Sunday school rose and sang the following the congregation joining in the chorus:

LINCOLN SOLDIERS.

Lincoln soldiers were our fathers, in the name of Liberty,
As Christ died to make men holy, so they died to make men free;
We would live to make men noble, and would dwell in unity,
As we go marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

Lincoln soldiers were our fathers, Lincoln soldiers would we be,
We would live for Right and Justice as they died for Liberty,
We would rim with white the banner that they flung above the free,
As youth goes marching on.
Chorus.

We would learn today's new duties from each fresh occasion's plea,
We would lift our weaker brother with our love, where'er he be;
We would hush the mouths of cannons in all lands and on the sea,
As peace goes marching on.
Chorus.

Lincoln soldiers marching onward in the noontide's golden glow,
We would pluck the wayside thistle and would lay its proud head low;
We would plant a flower wherever there is soil for flower to grow,
As love goes marching on.
Chorus.

Mr. Jones said:

I find myself in the same frame of mind as George Eliot, "hating war but admiring the discipline connected therewith." When the human heart ceases to admire heroism and to love a hero, it will cease to be human. Alas for the nation that forgets its annals of bravery.

It will be forty-five years come the tenth day of October next, since John Davis breathed his last in a field hospital at Bolivar, Tenn. More than a generation of life, as measured by averages, has come and gone. Children have been born, nurtured at home firesides, trained in school rooms, have played on village greens, have loved, wooed, wedded, reared homes and consecrated firesides with joys and sorrows, punctuated the journey of life with kisses and tears, and closed their eyes in death since John Davis passed away. And still, we are here today to speak his name with tenderness and reverence and to permanently associate it with this temple, devoted to peace, to civic righteousness, to the study and practice of the weapons of love and reason.

Why do we do this? With what spell did John Davis touch the generation into gratitude? With what high strategy did he defy time, flank oblivion itself, and secure for himself a place among the immortals, a memory that will be kept perpetually green, even in this great, rushing, wild, mad, metropolis of business.

During these forty-five years captains of industry have won their high successes, amassed their fortunes, and have gone down into forgetfulness. During these forty-five years men honored in the schools, eminent in the professions, successful at political hustings, have lived and died and their names, if found at all, by the living, must be sought on the cold marble in the city of the dead. And still, the name of John Davis, a plain farmer of Stephenson county, pioneer of Rock Run, is spoken here this morning with tender affection and is to be forever associated with the hospitalities of this home of free thought, open fellowship and applied religion, which bears the name of his great compatriot, neighbor and colleague, the greatest of Americans, the noblest child of the nineteenth century—Abraham Lincoln.

Why is this? This question is not adequately answered by saying that he was a brave soldier, for the sword of itself hath no power to defeat mortality. Forgetfulness has buried the unburied victims of a thousand battle fields.

John Davis received his commission as Colonel of the 46th Illinois Infantry on the 12th day of September, 1861; he died on October 10, 1862. The brief thirteen months career is but a short paragraph, however enkindling, in the thirty-eight years of his life, and the story of his last thirteen months was only such as might have been expected under the circumstances. His record was no surprise to his old neighbors. The mothers of Stephenson county turned to him in the great emergency and said, "If you go you may have our sons." His name headed the list of those who enlisted as privates in the rally at the town house. The boys made him "Captain"; the governor made him "Colonel"; the generals knew where he belonged and gave him the post of danger.

Said the historian of the regiment, Lieutenant Thomas B. Jones:

At Fort Donelson General Grant in person gave orders to Colonel Davis in a modest and unassuming way. I give his words as I now remember hearing them: "Colonel Davis, will you support that battery over there? The other regiments appear to hesitate." Colonel Davis reply was: "Attention, 46th!"

And the regiment took the position under deadly fire.

When his grateful and solicitous neighbors begged the crippled man to forego the further toils and dangers of the tented field that he might carry their confidence and commission into the United States Congress and take his place as a helper of his old friend, Abraham Lincoln, he replied:

As long as the war lasts I must share in the toils of the brave men who followed me into the smoke of Donelson and Shiloh. Where my boys go, there I shall go.

Five months hence, still a suffering invalid, the 46th was with Rosencrans at Corinth, Col. Davis in command. Guiding his horse with his left arm, standing in his stirrups, his last word of command was "Charge!" and this time death was not to miss its shining mark. The wound was fatal.

Lieutenant Jones, already quoted, gives John Davis' last speech, his dress parade address to the regiment, delivered a short week before the fatal bullet, prefacing the speech with the words,

Spite of all remonstrance—for it was felt that he was unable to do duty and ought not, in justice to himself, return to the front, having the use of only one arm, being by no means strong—he returned to his regiment, by whom he was warmly welcomed—welcomed as one loved and long absent is always welcomed by those to whom he is dead. At dress parade he said:

"Officers and Soldiers of the 46th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers: It is now more than five months since I was carried helpless and bleeding from your rear, while you were engaged in the fierce and desperate struggle that decided the fate of the day on the then bloody, now historic, field of Shiloh. They have been months that brought pain, anguish, suffering and death to many. Alas! how many of your brave comrades! To you they have been months of danger, toil, fatigue, hardship and exposure, and now by what almost seems an intervention of divine Providence I am with you again, with health and strength sufficiently restored to again assume command over you. The unholy and wicked rebellion against your government still exists, and six hundred thousand loyal men of the North are arming themselves to assist you in making short work in crushing out these traitors to our country and to human kind. The most magnificent army

the world ever saw will soon be moving down like an avalanche upon our enemies, and you who again and again have met your foes in battle, and always to conquer and triumph, will have the proud honor of marching in the front of this grand army, of being the forlorn hope that shall lead them over every obstacle, until the work of crushing out this rebellion shall have been accomplished and our proud banner and old ensign shall float in triumph and in peace over every square yard of the republic's soil. As God lives, as truth is mighty, as the right must prevail, so shall that day come. And a proud day for you and your Colonel, when, our work accomplished, we shall turn our faces and commence the march for our homes. From the land of your homes I now come, and proud am I of the reputation and good name you have already won for yourselves among your kindred and friends. Throughout our grand prairie state, among all the people, from our noble governor down to the very humblest, you are spoken of only in terms of the most exalted praise.

And now let it be your endeavor and mine to see that the prestige of your good name, so dearly won, shall not suffer; that when the history of your regiment shall be written it shall be truthfully said that for brave deeds of heroism on the field of battle, for soldierly qualities in camp or on the march, and for the number of good citizens that shall be returned from its ranks to the state, it was not surpassed by any regiment in the field.

And now you owe it to the memory of those brave comrades who so heroically gave their blood and their lives to aid you in earning that good name to see that its prestige, so dearly won, shall not suffer."

Brilliant as is this record of *Colonel* John Davis, it alone is an inadequate explanation of this commemoration hour today. We are here because of the *man* that was back of the *colonel.*

A man, first, who was disciplined by pioneer experiences, tempered by hardships, trained in the school of labor. Born in Meadville, Pa., in 1824, of stalwart parentage, he was borne westward on the crest of that wave of emigration to which the self-reliant and the independent trusted their destinies. When he was but fourteen years of age his father settled in the woods of the Rock River bottom on government land and the young boy bent himself, not only to the task of making a farm and building a home, but of creating a community, building school houses, organizing townships, shaping county governments, making the state of Illinois. Upon him the school room closed its door when he left Meadville, but, notwithstanding this, his biographer is able to say:

When he died few men of his age were so well versed in the history of his country, so deeply read in political science, so intimate with all the branches of knowledge. Colonel Davis was one of those farmers who have raised themselves to positions of honor by their own efforts. Well read, industrious, active and energetic, he was the chosen leader in his party and often held positions of honor and trust. As a member of the legislature he was known throughout the state; among his constituents no man was more popular than he.

In the second place, John Davis was a man illumined by the ideal, inspired by the poets. He lived on the highlands where reformers dwell. He breathed the atmosphere of poetry. Shelley, the immortal child, Burns, the minstrel of democracy, the lyrist of common life, Whittier and Longfellow, were his favorites and familiars. The former, I am told, represented his first love and greatest joy. "The Cloud" and "The Sky Lark" and "The West Wind," which Shelley saw, felt and heard, hung over the Illinois farms, sang in the Illinois trees and swept over the Illinois prairies when farmer John Davis plowed corn or harvested the golden grain.

We celebrate the man back of the colonel this morning for the third reason: He was perforce a liberal man; nay, that adjective is too trite; it is worn out. He was a liberated man, a free soul, an open mind. He could say with his Shelley in the "Sensitive Plant":

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never passed away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

John Davis loved the reformers. He was not afraid to think; and this of necessity made him a lover of liberty. Truly does the Memorial Tablet say: "He died, 'that the slave might be free.'" He took his orders from within; was not afraid of the defeat or the reproach that wait upon those who stand in the advance line. He was at home with heretics; took no note of the color and was not afraid of a black skin, for to him

A man's a man, for a' that, and a' that.

In my hand I hold a faded letter bearing date of November 11, 1862, written to the stricken widow only a few weeks after John Davis had been gathered to his fathers, by Gen. J. W. Shaffer, from the Office of the Chief Quartermaster of the Government, New Orleans. In this letter we read:

I knew your dear husband as but few knew him; we were on the most intimate terms for several years, and among all my friends there were none for whom I had a higher regard than for him. I loved him for his unfaltering devotion to right and justice and fair dealing; I loved him for his high moral courage, ever ready to espouse the cause of those he conceived to be in the right, however unpopular; I loved him because in all respects he was truly a man, and his death bears witness to his bravery and devotion to his country. You have lost a devoted husband; your children have lost an affectionate and loving father; our country and freedom have lost one who was always ready to defend them, either in legislative halls or on the field of battle; his acquaintances all have lost a dear friend. * * * You are the mother and only guardian of his children; upon you depends their education and raising. You have but to teach them to be as was their father and they will be a comfort to you and an honor to both father and mother.

This leads me to the last count: John Davis, the man, made the colonel glorious because he was deeply enmeshed in the safeties and sanctities of the fireside. He was a home-maker and a home lover. There is peculiar fitness in the dedicating this day in the Abraham Lincoln Centre of a Guest Room to the memory of John Davis, for he was "given to hospitality." In the ante-railroad days the old Davis farm was on the main-traveled road between Beloit and Freeport, and without commission, without pay, it became the half-way house. It carried not the sign of an inn but travelers instinctively and by force of habit presumed that here was sure shelter and hospitality for man and beast.

He was beloved of his neighbors. As a boy he led the debating club in the school house. As a man he became the leader of the community and when the fatal shot on the Hatchie river laid him low, his biographer says:

The news of his death filled all hearts with sorrow, draped the whole community in mourning. He was one who was near and dear to the hearts of all our people. The regard felt for him was something more than of friendship and esteem; he was loved of the people, by his virtue and able qualities, and loved as a brother by those who knew him well, who knew him as he was. Those who knew him intimately, knew his social and political life, knew him as a public servant and private citizen, will all agree with us when we say that his was a

rare character, guided purely by a sense of strictest integrity, actuated by love of humanity, broad and deep. John Davis, whether in public or private life, knew no policy but honesty; basing his opinions on premises that his judgment pronounced to be correct and just, he was firm as a rock in maintaining them.

Clearly, this reader of good books, this man whose lips grew eloquent with words fired by living coals taken from the altars of Shelley and Burns, was a great lover; love was the central motive, the mainspring of his action, the directing spirit of his life. I am told that his favorite poem in his Longfellow volume was "The Golden Mile-Stone," which he loved to recite:

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.
* * *
By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give to them.
* * *
Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone;
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures;
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

Says his wife:

At the war meeting held in the Davis town hall my husband made a speech. He was an effective talker; I knew what was coming; I felt I must, like him, think only of country, and so I said on the way home: "John, if I were a man there is nothing would keep me at home at such a time." Quick was his response: "The hardest battle has been fought and won; to leave my home is the hardest task I can ever meet; all the rest will be easy."

While recovering from the severe wound received at Shiloh, Colonel Davis sought for a time a shelter at the Kenosha Sanitarium where Mrs. Frank Leland, well known as a writer of verse in those days, was sojourning. She is the author of the lines "Death of Colonel Davis," with which I introduced the service this morning. I quote from a letter written by the author twenty years after, to the daughter of Colonel Davis:

An impulse prompts me to tell you what you may not know, that Mr. Leland and subsequently myself became acquainted with your father at the water-cure of Kenosha and were fast friends. After they had been acquainted a while they were speaking of poems, and your father took one from his vest pocket and said: "Here is a poem I found in a paper while in the army, and I cut it out; have read it many times, thinking it one of the most touching poems I have ever read." It is entitled "The Dead Soldier." My husband said, "My wife wrote it," and the incident pleased him much. For this reason I have placed the poem next to the one to your father in my printed volume.

It is a poem that reveals the depth of the heart, which can only be discovered in the grim days that "try men's souls."

Tenderly, Soldier! handle with care—
Pass your hand lovingly over his hair;
Hair that his mother's hand often hath pressed,
Curls that his sister hath often caressed—
Tenderly lay him in that narrow bed;
Carefully pillow his early bowed head.
Tenderly, Soldier! see you the smile
Death from his ruby lip could not beguile?
Hushed to him now is the battle's wild storm,
In its last sleep lies his beautiful form;
Bravely he fell for his country that day,
Fell for the Union—in battle array!

Lieutenant Jones has given us John Davis' last speech, but here in the back-handed script of the but recently disciplined left hand, is the last letter he ever wrote. It is out of the heart of love, in the calm before the battle. The forty-five intervening years may justify a loving publicity to the holy privacy of the hour:

My dear Wife:—I have been sitting before my tent this beautiful moonlight evening until bedtime. The taps have been sounded, the camp is quiet, and I am tired and sleepy. But my thoughts are with you and the children. Oh, how deeply I love my home and its household gods. I feel as if I could not retire until I have written to you. There is nothing new here; everything is quiet. * * * It is good to feel that I can get a communication to you or from you in an hour's time should circumstances demand it. I am getting along well; I sleep well nights and thank God every morning when I wake that I have again passed the night in sound and refreshing sleep. I shudder to think of the months of long, painful, sleepless nights I have passed. * * * Kiss the children for me, and know that now, in the future as in the past, there is one heart that beats all alone for you. Good night. JOHN.

This was on the last day of September. The third, fourth and fifth of October were the terrible days of Corinth, and on the tenth a peace, passing the peace of the moon-lit hour, touched him.

The military career of John Davis was closed on the tenth of October, 1862, but the 46th remained. The beloved first Colonel fell at the opening of its career. Its tattered banner was carried through four and a half long years; it was torn by minnie ball and shell, stained by the rain, snow, wind and dust of over ten thousand miles of travel. Says its historian:

Nearly two thousand men, first and last, were members of the organization; 329 died in the service; its graves are scattered from Fort Donelson to Vicksburg; from there on to Mobile, New Orleans and Baton Rouge; and since the return John Davis' boys have occupied places of honor, of responsibility and of danger.

"Tom, I carried the flag," said Charles F. Bowers, of Company B, with his countenance lit up with animation, as he lay dying from his wounds on the battlefield.

"Boss, be you Linkum sojers?" asked the old darkey of Lieutenant Jones of the 46th, way down in Mississippi.

"Yes, daddy, we are the genuine article."

"Well, boss, is we free now?"

"Yes sir, you are all free."

"Bress de Lawd! You are de next ting to de Lawd Jesus Christ!"

"O no! not so good as that!"

"Yes you is! Clar to goodness you is; every bit of it!"

Herein we discover the glory of the 46th, the conquering power of the name of John Davis. Not following the flag, but following the flag at its highest; not a readiness to die, but a readiness to die for a worthy cause, the noblest of causes. Shailer Mathews in his last book on "The Church and the Changing Order," just out, confesses that the church in these days "is failing to exploit the new moral situation"; that "it is growing incapable of producing leaders"; that "the largest problem in education today is how to prevent young fellows from losing their early ambitions during their college and university course." He further says: "Theological safety never begat a

real leader." Leadership can be exercised "only by men whose faces are set to the future."

John Davis was worthily married. The wife of his youth, with a clearness of vision worthy of her young love, in the fulness of venerable years dedicates to the memory of Colonel John today not a dumb shaft of marble among graves, but a Guest Chamber that will offer rest and renewal to the prophets of progress. Here saints and sages will find shelter and rest as they go about life's work, as they travel on their earthly pilgrimage.

Today again John Davis opens a recruiting office and calls for volunteers to enlist in the army of progress. Still there are Shilohs and Corinths unconquered.

The sword of the spirit requires finer courage and higher renunciation than the sword of steel. There is an element of self-denial now as then, and always will be, in the fields of religion and morals. The slippered ease, the cushioned elegance, the enthusiasm suppressed lest it may grow expansive, the thrift that turns away from the banners of the ideal when they lead onto the fields of self-denial, have no part nor parcel in the traditions of heroism, in the annals of nobility, in the ranks, living and dead, of those who were loyal to the flag of their country and the cause of their God, which is the cause of equal rights to men and women, to black and white; the cause of equal opportunity to high and low; the cause of the cordial fellowship and the hearty love to rich and poor.

To such a service we are summoned today by the spirit of John Davis. The ranks of the 46th have been sadly depleted; there is a call for new recruits.

In his name I call upon the young to fall in—

> Rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
> Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

Following Mr. Jones, "Tenting Tonight" was sung by Mrs. Helene Carnes, the congregation joining in the chorus, and the impressive service closed with singing to the tune of "America," "Gone Are the Great and Good."

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

San Francisco's Grafters.

Mr. Abe Ruef doubtless feels that it isn't fair that, after he has pleaded guilty on one charge of extortion, another should be brought against him; but the rest of the world will rejoice to know that eighty-nine new indictments have been brought against San Francisco grafters, of which fourteen are against Ruef and sixteen against Schmitz. But the overthrow and punishment of this particular gang of swindlers is not the whole problem before that city. The domination of the labor unions there has been a curse to the city, and has done much to bring the whole union labor movement into discredit. Unions serve a good purpose, but it is essential that they should learn they are not the whole people, and that others have rights which even the unions are bound to respect.

Clinching the Tarbell History.

The Standard Oil Co. greatly desires a vindication from the charges brought against it in Miss Tarbell's History. The public has hitherto been inclined to regard that work and its predecessors as an indictment which was probably true, but against which some possible defense might be made, notwithstanding the documents by which the charges were backed up. But with the failure to bring suit for libel against such tremendous charges, or to make any reply worthy of the name, judgment has gone more and more against the company by default. Several judicial decisions have gone far to confirm the general charges brought, to which two more must now be added which practically make the verdict of guilty complete. The first is a report of the U. S. commissioner of corporations to the effect that the power and prosperity of the company has been built up, and is now maintained by the general policy of unfair discrimination in transportation rates, by rebate or otherwise, by rail or pipe-line. The other is the report of the commissioner appointed by the Supreme Court of the state of Missouri that the company and its two subordinate companies there, the Waters-Pierce and the Republic, are guilty of conspiracy to kill competition and his recommendation that the companies be ousted from the state. If the company wishes to make an appeal from this verdict before the court of public opinion, it must hasten.

Sleeping-Car Rates.

Multitudes of citizens will give their best wishes to the St. Paul man who has filed a complaint with the interstate commerce commission against the rates charged for berths by The Pullman Sleeping Car Co. The special complaint is against paying as much for an upper as for a lower berth, and there is the more general complaint that all the rates are too high. There will be the most cordial agreement with both of these contentions on the part of the traveling public.

Taft and the Tariff.

Secretary Taft is no dodger. He has come out squarely in favor of tariff reform. The Associated Press dispatches say that in so doing he has probably injured his chances for the presidential nomination. This is open to question. Undoubtedly it will enlist against him that element in the Republican party which has made it its business to control the tariff policy of the party for its own ends, and of course that element has made itself very influential in the manipulation of the party machine. But it is equally true that that element is now thoroughly discredited as part and parcel of that "big business" whose evil influence on our political life is everywhere apparent. Moreover the present demand is everywhere for a man who has convictions and the courage of them—the day of the great compromisers is past. It has taken courage for Mr. Taft to so declare himself, and such courage will tell. His declaration will make his road to the nomination more rocky, but probably not less direct, while it will make his course from the nomination to the presidency a walk-over.

The Death of Mrs. McKinley.

The widow of President McKinley died on Sunday afternoon. An invalid for many years, she was known to but few. Those who did know her, however, report her as a very lovely character, on whom the kindly president lavished the tenderest care. Death came to her as a happy release from suffering, in the confident hope of a happier life hereafter. While in no sense a historical figure, her death will bring a sense of compassion which it is good that he should feel, to many a man who knew of her only through scant newspaper notices.

Licensed Law-Breakers.

Some little stir has been created in diplomatic circles by the effort of the town marshal of Glen Echo, Md., to arrest the Italian ambassador for fast driving while taking the duke of the Abruzzi, a brother of the king of Italy, out for a spin in an automobile. The ambassador is inclined to resent the attempt as an insult to his ambassadorial dignity. It will strike the ordinary American that the apology should come from the ambassador, and not from our government. Ambassadors are rightly exempt from arrest, but it is all the more incumbent on them that they should not take advantage of their privileges to defy important police regulations.

T. D. B.

An Old Battlefield

The softest whisperings of the scented South,
And rust and roses in the cannon's mouth;

And where the thunders of the fight were born,
The wind's sweet tenor in the standing corn;

With song of larks, low-lingering in the loam,
And blue skies bending over love and home.

But still the thought: Somewhere, upon the hills
Or where the vales ring with the whip-poor-wills,

Sad, wistful eyes and broken hearts that beat
For the loved sound of unreturning feet,

And when the oaks their leafy banners wave,
Dream of the battle and an unmarked grave.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Call of the Underworld to the Religious Forces of Wisconsin

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS AT MADISON CONGRESS BY REV. L. H. KELLER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

In this as in every great commonwealth human life represents two worlds. There is the world of light and privilege, of growth and opportunity. Upon this the light of heaven is falling and voices are calling the sons and daughters of privilege to higher things. Beneath this life-line and joy-line there is an underworld of the sinful and unfortunate. Here multitudes of our fellow beings are swept downward by perverted appetites and base animal passions. Their pain and need are a continuous appeal to the overworld for the helping hand that may be reached down to save.

A glance at this underworld. To know is to pity and to pity intelligently is to help. Among these multitudes are the poorly endowed in mind and heart. Thousands of ancestors look out upon the world through our eyes and speak to it through our voice. The prayers and curses, the moral failures and successes of our ancestors are registered in our inheritance from the past and the inequalities of moral endowment may make us saints or sinners, beasts or men. It was determined at birth that many of the victims of this underworld would drift with the tide, follow the course of least resistance, move with heavenward or hellward currents. They are the weak who may easily become the lost. They are the clay, society is the potter.

Here, also, are the positively wicked, the well-endowed sinners of society. They choose to do evil and row like demons against the heavenward tide. They hold us up on the streets at night and break into our houses when we are asleep. They are the keepers of the low dives and the brothels, proprietors of the gambling dens and the penny arcades, procurers and procuresses who drive their terrible business with the fiercest energy.

Here are the creatures of environment also. The victims of a money-mad industrial system who have been overworked, starved and discouraged. Here are the foreigners who have drifted to the little Italian ghettos of our cities or found their place among the ignorant, vicious, criminal groups of foreign populations. To this underworld the neglected rural district, the mine and the lumber camp are sending their all too numerous representatives. This is society's underworld where terrible vortices of human passion attract unwary victims. Here are crimes, suicides and sad tragedies that make angels weep. Here human beings have lost their way and are, in blindness, beating out their precious lives against the stern barriers that love has set for the safeguarding of character and happiness.

The condition of the multitudes in this underworld makes a powerful appeal to the religious forces of our commonwealth. Hearing this cry of need we forget our religious differences in the great, common task. It has not occurred to us, in this meeting, to inquire whether we are Trinitarian or Unitarian, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile. There are differences among us, but our religious views need not be less clearly articulated because we join hands in a work of love for the lost. We may all join hands in an honest, merciful effort to lift souls out of the underworld into the overworld. The mightiest forces in the work of social betterment are the religious forces. Under whatever forms they may worship, the religious people of the state are the people of vision and ethical power. They hold in their hands the destiny of the commonwealth and to them is the appeal of this underworld.

This is the meaning of this Congress of Religion. The religious forces, forgetting all differences, are unitedly hearing the call of the underworld. This movement we are now in is a great movement. We are seeing how much we have in common as we face tremendous responsibilities. Meetings of this character generate power and make us conscious of undiscovered resources for the uplift of the race. These are first steps leading up to a federation of all the higher forces of society for the salvation of the unfavored and outcast multitudes of the nation. An example of what the church can do is seen in the work of the Anti-Saloon League. Temperance people have at last discovered how they can get together against the saloon and their power is simply irresistible. The saloon is doomed. What the church is doing in this one thing the united religious forces of America can do along other, along many lines. Our hearts are moved by the condition of the underworld and in such a movement as this we are facing the secret of power.

NON-ECCLESIASTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

A distinctive mark of this age is its organized religious activities outside of direct relation to churches. Their temples as centers of worship, instruction and influence have been growing less important for a generation as a factor in society. Multitudes of all classes who used to feel the obligation to attend church on Sunday morning have joined the ranks of those who ignore public worship altogether. Multitudes of professing Christians who were once regular attendants at the second service are satisfied with the first only, and are not always to be seen at that one, while other religious services like the midweek meetings have dwindled in many cases to a score or two of persons. The falling off of what is done in the churches indicates the falling off of what is done through the churches.

Mainly since the beginning of the present generation religious organizations outside of the churches have arisen which have grown into world-wide influence. The Young Men's Christian Association has erected buildings in nearly all the larger cities and towns, many of which rival in cost and beauty of architecture the stateliest churches. Its salaried officers have become as really a professional class with their own training schools as ministers are. It is extending its work through the world with at least as great efficiency as the best equipped foreign missionary societies of Christian denominations, and it is commanding a degree of respect from social and governmental circles which many of these societies do not receive. Our Secretary of War, Taft, for example, at the dedication of a Y. M. C. A. building in Dayton, Ohio, last month, said that he had found no greater evidence of brotherhood between Christians than he had seen in the growing influences of the association. It was doing a work of large usefulness in our new possessions and protectorates—Porto Rico, the Philippines, Cuba and Panama. He had not hesitated as Secretary of War to authorize the erection of buildings under its auspices and the payment of chaplains to conduct services in these buildings, in view of the valuable service of the association to increase the efficiency of the employees of our government by the moral elevation of American manhood.

It is not necessary to our purpose now to cite at length the support given to the Y. M. C. A. by railroads and other great public corporations and by private business enterprises on the same ground as that mentioned by Secretary Taft, namely, the enlarged value of the most essential element in all business, the men engaged in it. Men of wealth who belong to churches and give to them a few hundred dollars, give to these associations tens of thousands of dollars.

We have cited as an example the most extensive of non-ecclesiastical organizations, which is practically as completely organized as a national institution, as a Christian demoni-

nation, except that it does not administer the sacraments and claims no peculiar powers or privileges for its officers. Other organizations are rising into national prominence to do much of what the church formerly regarded as sacredly entrusted to it. The Y. W. C. A., the Y. P. S. C. E., and the International Sunday School Association are examples of the larger societies, while there are scores of smaller ones with possibilities not yet measured. In a few weeks summer schools will open in cities, groves, and by lake and seashore, most of them of distinctively Christian character and purpose, but with no direct relation to any religious denomination. Colleges founded by denominations are bound to them only traditionally and as sources of financial support, and are eager to become free from any formal ecclesiastical relations with them. Even the schools of theology are disclaiming sectarian names. Union Seminary, New York, is no longer Presbyterian, Yale Divinity School is not Congregational, and the theological school of Chicago University wishes it were not known as Baptist.

None of these non-ecclesiastical institutions is fitted to fulfill the whole mission of the Christian church. They have all assumed voluntary limitations of sex or age or object or situation. One is for men only, another for women only, many of them are avowedly for young people, some are for particular reforms, and all of them leave large areas untouched by their efforts. Yet their growing strength means growing weakness for the church from which in practice, if not in sympathy, they are more and more withdrawing. They are leaving her a body whose limbs are already so loosely connected with it that they are not controlled by its head.

What is the chief reason why the Christian church is thus being shorn of its power? Plainly because our times demand that Christians shall work together. They cannot work together when under the direction of rival organizations. Therefore Christian men and Christian women have formed associations to provide for the religious, educational and social needs of their communities. Half a score of denominations in a city of 10,000 people are struggling to maintain one or more churches each, in part by providing advantages so much superior to the others as to be strengthened at their expense. In one church a popular preacher, in another an expensive choir with elaborate musical entertainments, in a third a costly edifice left by some dead saint, depletes the congregations of the others, and calls itself prosperous.

The only way in which the church of Christ can renew her youth and vigor is for her members to get together in practical service. If they cannot thus get together in the church they will unite outside of it, as they are doing. Unity in spirit with rivalry and division in labor is not the unity for which our Lord prayed, nor is it any real unity in the eyes of sensible men and women. The time has arrived when Christians in earnest can get together in the enterprises which they regard as essential to their Christian service. If the churches would survive as ecclesiastical organizations they must unite in administering such enterprises.—*The Congregationalist and Christian World*, May 25, 1907.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Federal Power Over Carriers and Corporations

While there has been a large mass of material written concerning the Federal Control over corporations and carriers engaged in interstate commerce, the various theories proposed have been proved by reference to constitutional law rather than by reference to constitutional history; and to discover a work which undertakes to prove its author's theories on this subject by reference to constitutional history as distinguished from constitutional law is a rare thing. But such is the character of Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice's book on "Federal Power over Carriers and Corporations."*

In spite of numerous declarations that "the constitution never was intended to establish such a power"; in spite of statements like the following, regarding a power to require incorporation under Federal statute or to require a Federal license, which others contend for, viz.: "Notwithstanding the serious opinion of responsible officers of government that all this is well within the powers of congress, there is no doubt that the plan is entirely beyond the scope of the constitution, inconsistent with its provisions, and with the system of government which has existed in this country since the revolution"—all of which seems extravagant and dogmatic in the light of so much legal learning to the contrary—one is driven to the conclusion that this book by Mr. Prentice is a very interesting and learned work. To the lawyer, who has so often turned to the case of Gibbons v. Ogden to support his theory that there is no phase of interstate commerce or trade which Congress may not exclusively control, the criticism of such theories which Mr. Prentice makes, based on a survey of the historical environment and conditions under which that case was decided, will no doubt be somewhat startling.

The author's thesis is that under the constitution the control of carriers and corporations engaged in trade and transportation, interstate, is vested in the States and not in the Congress; and this he aims to prove by a very learned review of the history prior to, contemporaneous with, and subsequent to the formation of the constitution and to the decision of those few cases which stand as landmarks of the law on this point. From all of which the conclusion is drawn that Federal Power under the commerce clause of the constitution was intended to cover foreign commerce, trade with the Indian tribes and merely the coastwise navigation and trade between the states; and that all other interstate trade and transportation was to be controlled by the states.

The fundamental fallacy of the book is that of presuming that there is no manner of doubt as to just what the constitution did actually intend or would have intended had the framers contemplated all the changes in conditions and in methods of trade and transportation which have occurred since 1787; for, without Mr. Prentice's premise that the constitution intended to establish an iron bound and unvarying relation between the nation and the individual, in which the individual was to be guaranteed the very largest individual liberty imaginable, and intended no difference to be made between individuals and corporations as concerns their right to engage in trade and commerce, one is not so sure that the historical data adduced go so far to prove the author's conclusions as he contends that they do.

It is impossible not to feel that, if Mr. Prentice's book is the last word on the subject, and that as a matter of history the present tendency toward Federal control is an unwarranted usurpation of power by the Federal government, it is a good thing that our judges and statesmen are more likely to be led by the reasoning of the law than by the data of the historian in their attitude upon this question of Federal Control in the future.

J. B. BLAKE.

Chicago University.

*The Federal Power Over Carriers and Corporations. By E. Parmalee Prentice. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907. pp., xi, 244. 8vo.

Professor Patten's work on "The New Basis of Civilization" has made a deep impression and has been accepted by social workers as the authoritative exposition of the basis on which modern charity is to rest. One of the officers and most active workers in the National Child Labor Committee says of the book, "It is in my judgment the most remarkable contribution to sociological study which has appeared in many months."

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Every true man will protest against a patriotism which should make him forget that he is a citizen of the world.
MON.—The best Union soldier carries a cartridge whose powder is patience and whose lead is love.
TUES.—The bravest soldiers are as ready to forgive as to fight.
WED.—The real war for Union fortifies its lines with the arts and loads its cannon with ideas.
THURS.—The true Union war works ever for peace.
FRI.—People are united not by cannon, but by common interests and sympathies.
SAT.—The truest Union soldiers today are those who, learning from our heroes that lofty lesson of devotion, carry it into peaceful pursuits, and by orderly lives and broad thoughts, and kindly feelings, are harmonizing all classes, parties and sects in lasting unity.

H. M. SIMMONS.

Heroes

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or teach as gray-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise.
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Where'er a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod;
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the gleam above is the smile of God.
So in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world today.

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

Our National Holiday

Memorial Day stands for the noblest things in our national life. The history of its origin is interesting. In 1864 when the graves of our soldiers scattered over the South were untended and unhonored the emancipated slaves stole out under cover of night and strewed them with flowers, and watered them with grateful tears. This spontaneous outburst of gratitude touched the nation's heart and Memorial Day was inaugurated. On this day, stretched across the capitol at Washington, in letters that can be read by all, are the words, "There is one debt this nation can never pay, that is the debt which they owe to the men who saved the nation." The best things in life can never be paid for.

Memorial Day is the most significant and thrilling of all our National holidays. July the Fourth celebrates our birth as an independent nation, but the 30th of May proclaims freedom and a united people. The first is a day of jubilation and demonstration—the latter is one of deep enduring affection. To perpetuate this day of Memorial in the calm serious thought of the meaning of sacrifice should be the aim of our people. Demonstrations of patriotic fervor—noise of fireworks and rockets may be left to other days.

—*Selected.*

Farewell, Little Lad

Seated at my desk in the office of the superintendent one day in the late Fall, I was strangely attracted by the earnest voice of a little lad pleading for the required "permit" to allow him to leave school and go to work.

Kindly Mr. A— questioned, and shook his head in doubt.

"Are you fourteen? What room are you in? I do not seem able to place you, my boy," quietly urged the busy man, with a glance at the pile of reports awaiting a coming board meeting.

Never shall I forget the manly little fellow as he drew himself up to full height. "Yes, sir; I'm just turned my birthday, and we've only been here a month. Here's Mother's letter. You see, sir, I don't want to leave school, but I've got to help Mother!"

No wonder the childish voice had called me from dead pages—such tones of earnest determination, longing, hope and confidence; such a power for help. One knew the manhood within that heart was born. He stood with his old cap in one rough little hand, the fingers of the other just touching the desk as he anxiously leaned forward to watch the face of the man who could write the precious paper. The blue, blue eyes, so full of earnest purpose, the soft Saxon hair, the flush of anxiety, the firm turn of the baby lips; and more than all to be remembered, that spirit of determination to "help" which seemed to envelope him and stamp him as the child to be our ideal citizen.

But no! Listen:

Die Kinder sind krank und der Vater verdient so wenig. Es tut mir leid den Knaben von der Schule wegzunehmen, aber ich brauche ihn diesen Winter. Er will mir helfen. Er ist ein guter Knabe. Sie werden ihm Arbeit geben. Bitte lassen sie ihn das Papier haben.

Slowly the Superintendent read, half aloud, the broken lines—"The children are sick and the father earns so little—I am sorry to take the boy from school but I cannot meet the Winter without him. He wishes to help me. He is a good boy, they will give him work. Please let him have the paper."

"Are you sure you can get work?" asked the quiet voice, with an inflection which made me see he longed to put off the writing of this "permit"—permission to change this child among children, to a wage-earner among men.

Again the eager boyish tones, grown quite business-like now: "Yes, the Boss said to bring the paper and I could go to work tomorrow morning."

"Where?"

'Down at The Works."

"Yes, and a tough lot!" growled the helpless teacher.

I saw his hand tremble as he still glanced at the letter.

"The children are sick and the father earns so little."

"A tough lot," "a tough lot," the typewriter seemed to say as the permit was clicked off, to the growing joy in the eyes of our little pleader.

As he passed me at the door holding fast the paper he had won—his right to lay his brave young life upon the altar of Duty—his passport into the army from which there is no discharge—he lifted his glad eyes to mine and read the mother love I know they held.

Farewell, little lad! After tomorrow's sun has set, you will be no more. Across the borderland of childhood let me cry—Farewell, Little Lad!—*Florence Stolze Curtis, from the Public.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

The Minister's Problem

The week has brought substantial reenforcement to those whose slogan is "Up with the minister's salary." In connection with the discussion by the Unitarians of the desirability of pensions for ministers after they reach a certain age, expression was given to the view that what is needed quite as much as provision for old age is a more adequate pay for men while in active service. There was considerable difference of opinion as to the scope and basis of the new society just projected, but it represents a determined purpose to safeguard the minister's financial interests. That something definite and worth while ought to be done speedily was likewise the sentiment of the Massachusetts Congregational churches and ministers, who met at Westfield, and the sentiment took form finally in the passing of a resolution asking the churches to give attention to the matter, and expressing the hope that salaries might be raised, especially where now noticeably small. Dr. Berle of Salem did not hesitate to assert that the present wage scale of the Christian ministry is an indictment of Christian civilization, and he hit straight out at the laymen with ever increasing income, who live sumptuously and who provide themselves with every luxury without much thought as to how the minister is meeting his expenses. Dr. Berle was speaking just after a representative of the American Federation of Labor had pleaded for the manual laborers of the country, and it was a dramatic moment in the convention when Dr. Berle turned to him, and after expressing the warmest sympathy with his appeal, told him that poorly paid manual laborers ought not to be ignorant of the sorrow and the straining in many a parsonage, due to the effort to make both ends meet, sometimes on a salary smaller than that of a workman on the street. The day has passed, said Dr. Berle, when the skilled wage earner, aware of the facts, has any fragment of envy for the clergyman whose financial status is often worse than his.

* * * * * * *

With official action on the part of representative ecclesiastical bodies, and with the Social Settler in last Wednesday's *Transcript* taking up the cudgels in behalf of the underpaid ministry, and with such an article as that in last week's *Independent*, which was a human document of singularly painful interest, it would seem as if this subject ought to press its way home to the hearts and consciences of laymen with whom the decision of the matter ultimately lies. There were at Westfield one or two laymen on influential committees disposed not to meddle with the matter, but a brave layman from the floor spoke up, wishing to be counted on the side of those who favored a general lift in salaries. Two or three men of that type in a local church can do much toward the end desired, and it is encouraging to note that here and there salaries have been raised during the last year or two, but alas! such cases are exceptional, and meanwhile the cost of living has increased thirty per cent in the last ten years.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Announcements

The second annual conference of the American Christian Socialist Fellowship will be held at Hull House, Chicago, Halsted and Polk streets, June 1-4, beginning Saturday afternoon and continuing till Tuesday night. A special meeting will be held at the Garrick theater Sunday morning, addressed by men of national reputation. Admission free.

Among the distinguished visitors who will address the conference are Rev. Dr. George Willis Cooke, of Boston; Rev. Dr. W. D. Bliss and Prof. Edward J. Ward, of New York; Rev. Carl D. Thompson, of Milwaukee; Hon. George H. Strobell, of Newark, N. J.; Rev. Lucien V. Rule and Rev. W. A. Ward, of Kentucky; Rev. A. E. Hatch, of Iowa, and others. Several ministers and laymen of Chicago will also have part, among whom are Rev. H. J. Ward, Rev. J. O. Bentall, Rev. W. H. McPherson, Rev. E. E. Carr, Prof. H. P. Moyer, Charles H. Breckon, E. M. Winston, A. M. Simons, Wilmont J. Goodspeed and Thomas J. Morgan.

The conference is entirely interdenominational, having Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Christian and other denominations represented.

The Fellowship was organized at Louisville, Ky., last year, by delegates from eight different states, and a larger conference is expected this year. The object of the Fellowship is to permeate all churches and other religious organizations with the social message of Jesus.

The public is invited to all afternoon and evening meetings and to the Garrick theater meeting Sunday morning.

GUARANTEE

Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

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JULY 14—AUGUST 28

PROGRAMME

Sunday, July 14. Opening sermon in the Emerson Pavilion by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "The Power of Poetry."

Daily except Saturday, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. Nature studies and out-of-door work. Arranged by the president of the Summer School, T. R. Lloyd Jones, superintendent of schools, Wauwatosa, Wis., to whom apply for further particulars.

Studies in Religion

11:15-12:15 m. Fourth year work in the seven-year course in the study of religions. "The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament"—the Hebrew religion meeting the classical world. The study will reach from Alexander the Great to Seneca and Epictetus and will consider the Apocryphal and other Jewish writings of the period. The list of books published below indicates the range of the lessons and the books that will be in the hands of Mr. Jones, the leader. A copy of the Apocrypha, Revised Version, is the only book that need be in the student's hands.

Poetry and Sociology

8 p. m. Lectures and readings in sociology, poetry, etc., Ruskin's "Time and Tide," Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure," with excursions into Whitman and current poetry.

"A Modern Symposium," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "Heretics," by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "Sex and Society," by W. I. Thomas; "The Church and the Changing Order," by Shailer Matthews; "The Religion of Ruskin," by William Burgess; "Three Acres and Liberty," by Bolton Hall. "The Turn of the Balance," Brand Whitlock.

Ministers' Retreat—August 4-9

The regular program will be suspended and the week will be spent in such free intercourse, communion and consultation as may be planned by the ministers and teachers in attendance. The informal program will be in charge of Rev. C. A. Osborne, secretary Congress of Religion.

Woman's Meeting

A Congress of Woman's Clubs will be held during the session of the Summer School, beginning Friday night and continuing to Sunday evening. Dates and program to be announced later. For further particulars enquire of the committee appointed by the very successful meeting of last year: Mrs. Clinton DeWitt, Platteville, Wis.; Miss L. E. Stearns, secretary of Wisconsin Free Library Association, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Richard Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.

Afternoons and Saturdays will be free for resting, reading, riding, walking, at the pleasure of the individual.

Sunday Meetings

There will be three Sunday gatherings, viz.: Opening Sunday of the Summer School, the Ministers' Retreat Sunday and the Women's Congress Sunday, at which there will be speaking morning and afternoon, with dinner from baskets or in the dining hall.

READING LIST

The following list of reference books is printed for the benefit of students attending. Those starred are the most important. For further information inquire at the Lincoln Centre Shop, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

The Course in Religion. Fourth year in the Seven Years' Course. The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World; or, The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament.

*The Apocrypha, revised version; 60c and $1.25.
*The Assumption of Moses. London. $2.50.
*The Apocalypse of Baruch. London. $2.50.
*The Book of Enoch. Andover. $1.50.
*The Book of the Secrets of Enoch. Oxford.
*Josephus.
*Philo, four vols. (Bohn Library.)
*Sibylline Oracles, translated by Milton S. Terry. (Methodist Book Concern.)
*Seneca, any edition.
*Epictetus, any edition.
*Farrar's "Seekers After God."
*The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament; or, The Non-Biblical Jewish Writings; abstracts of class room talk; Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Unity Publishing Company.) 25c.
*Churton's "Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scripture." London. Must be imported.
Bissell's Commentary on the Apocrypha, in the Lange series. (Scribner's.) $3.
Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile." (Putnam.) $1.50.
*Cornill's "History of the People of Israel." (Open Court.) $1.50.
*Montefiore's "Bible for Home Reading." Part II. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
Messages of the Later Prophets. Sanders & Kent. (Scribner's.) $1.25.
Any standard history of the Jews for this period.
Schurer's, 5 vols., $8; Greatz's, 6 vols., $9; Renan's, 5 vols., $7.50.
W. J. Deane's "Pseudepigrapha." (Rare.)
"The Fible for Learners," 2 vols.; $1.50 per vol.
Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." Vol. III.

Sociology.
John Ruskin's "Time and Tide." POETRY.
"Twenty-five Letters to a Working Man of Sunderland."
Robert Browning's Balaustion's Adventure.
Whitman's Poems.

TERMS

Room in Longhouse and board, $7 per week. Two occupying the same room, $6.00 each. Table board, $4.50 per week. Single meals, 25 cents. Transportation from Spring Green to Tower Hill, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises, 15 cents. Trip to Spring Green and return when the buckboard is going, 25 cents. Laundry on the grounds, reasonable rates. Board and care of horse, $10 per month. A few cottages are available for the season. Summer School registration fee, $5 for the entire period of five weeks; admits to all classes, lectures, etc.; family tickets, $7: by the week, $2; family tickets, $3.

Spring Green, the station by which Tower Hill is reached, is on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, thirty-five miles west of Madison and 218 miles from Chicago. Tower Hill is on the summer resort list and round trip tickets at reduced rates will be obtainable from Chicago from May 15 to October 15.

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